

VISIT...

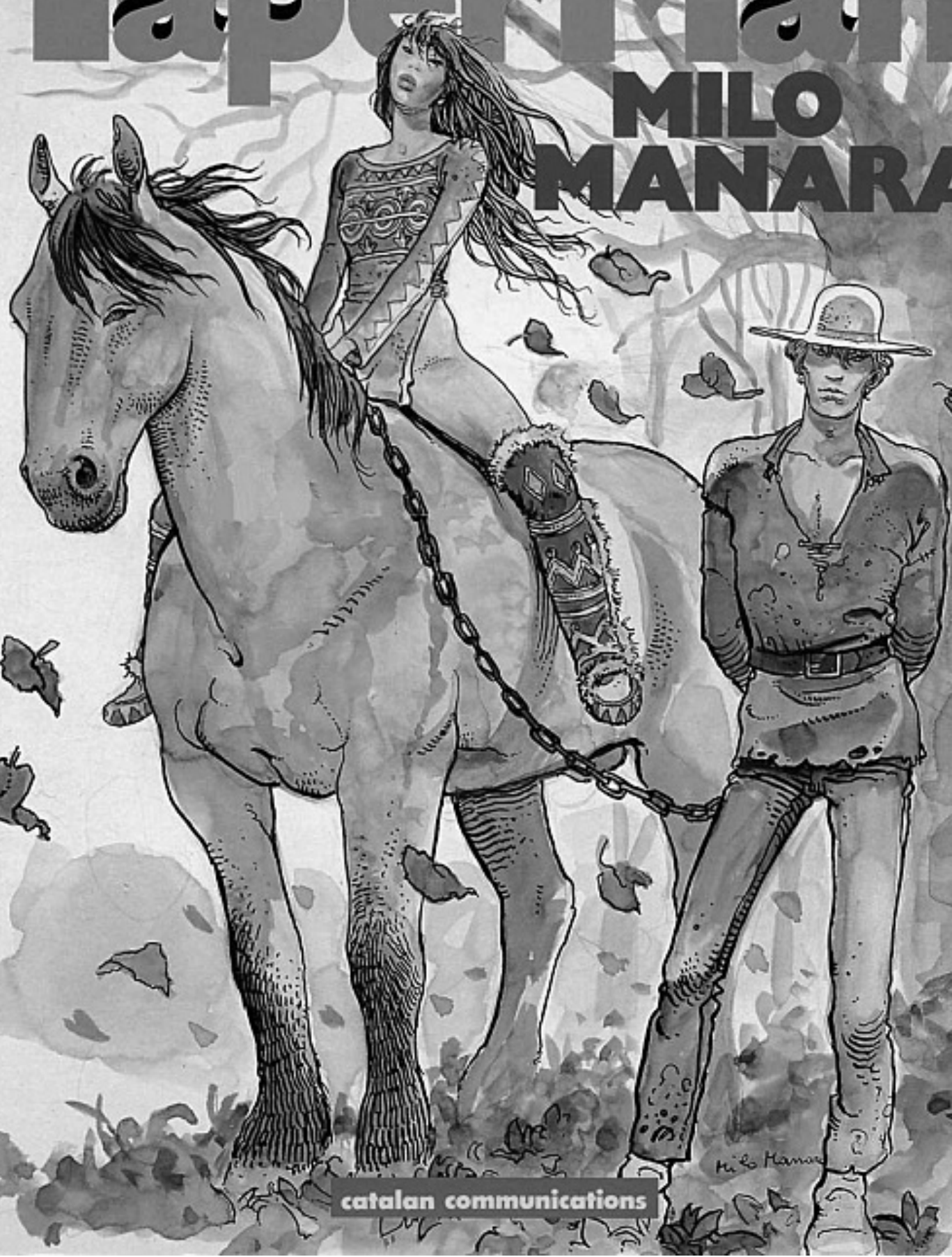
LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

The Paper Man

MILO
MANARA



catalan communications





THE PAPER MAN
Story and illustration by Milo Manara
Introduction by Javier Coma

Translated from the Spanish edition
by Jeff Lisle
Translation edited by Bernd Metz

Published by Catalan Communications
43 East 19th Street
New York, NY 10003

© 1982 by Dargaud Editeur, Paris
for Milo Manara

© 1986 by Milo Manara for the cover illustration
© 1986 by Javier Coma for the introduction

English language edition © 1986 by Catalan Communications

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced
or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the written
permission of the publisher.

ISBN 0-87416-022-7
Dep. Legal B. 9641-1986

First printing March 1986
Printed in Catalonia (Spain)

MILO MANARA

PTThe PaperMan



catalan communications
new york

INTRODUCTION

When I came across **The Paper Man** years ago, its ending reminded me of King Vidor's style, not only because it was analogous with the last scene in **Duel in the Sun**, but because of the epic perspective in which it visualized the simultaneous encounter of love and death.

More recently, the last part of **Indian Summer** also reminded me of King Vidor' cinematic images, like the rangers' plans to massacre the Indians in **Northwest Passage**.

It's probable that such hypothetical affinities between Milo Manara and King Vidor are just a coincidence and that the creator of **Giuseppe Bergman** wasn't influenced at all (at least not consciously) by the creator of **Stella Dallas**. But in both artists you can find a brilliant intuition to

adopt an epic approach whether it's amorous passion, a fighting crowd, or to tell us the truth about the characters by way of their emotional carnal presence. These are, as much in the movies as in comics, two of the many secrets from whose depths magical, fascinating and moving realities that go way beyond screen and paper are unearthed.

To be exact, the title and the development of this western in the wide open spaces of Arizona seem to indicate that Manara puts the starting point in the same physical base of comics, paper, in order to involve himself in continuing in other reflections about his method of expression. The protagonist in **The Paper Man**, because his love for a girl is only present in a picture, merits White Rabbit's mocking judgment. And he also deserves it because of his existence in a work of graphic narrative that belongs to a genre where characters, situations and prisms of persistent falsity have always existed.

The distance suggested by the structure of the tale increases with the accumulation of typical ingredients of the genre: settlers, Indians, soliders, the prairie, a fort, a saloon. The author establishes through these elements, codified critically in the narrative context, a concrete dialectic: good sense resides in the authentic natives, foolishness in the faces of the white invaders. Through the foreground of the story, the dialectic becomes evident: for example, when White Rabbit says she always goes on a straight path while «The Paper Man» is the one who comes and goes.

The Indian girl also bears light on a knowledgeable study by the



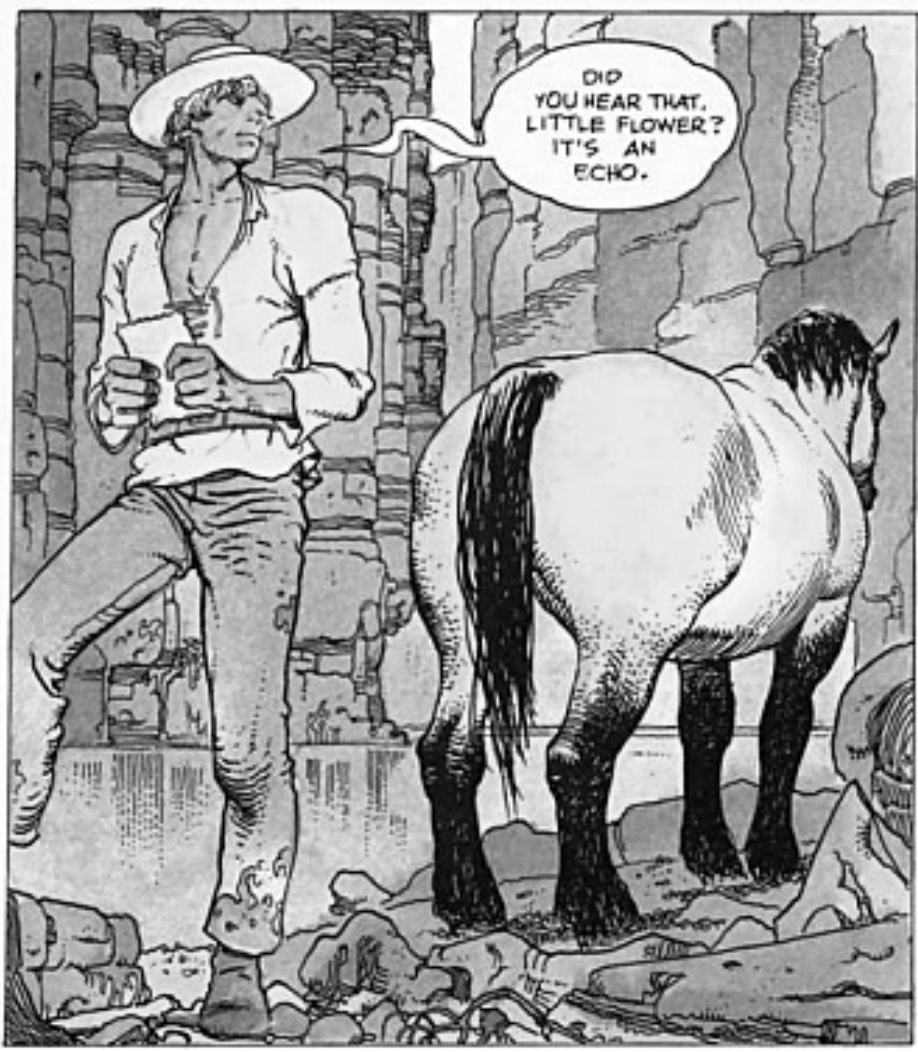
author of his own work. Her uninhibited sexuality prompts Paper Man to ironically name her «Ass-in-the-Air», as if Manara wanted to refer satirically to the adverse posture of his own accustomed profits from creating erotic reading material.

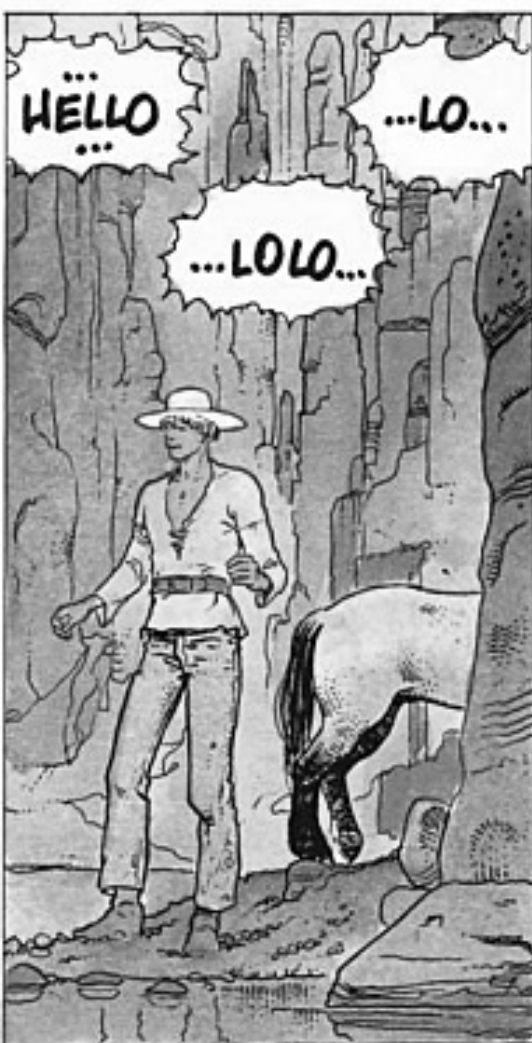
Less obvious than the background information or the leading characters are two secondary characters who seem to be insane: the old man whose mind is still on the American War of Independence and the reverend who gains a violent physical power when it rains. Nevertheless, there are revelatory signs in them. The old man understands only combat between whites. The reverend, believing fervently in peace, immediately attacks the soldiers when he loses his head.

The peculiar conjunction of elements negates completely the idea of a western built on common ground, and instead guides it on antiracist and antimilitarist paths toward culmination in a dramatic love poem. In some ways, **The Paper Man**, with its aroma of a narrative rhythm and the ideological attitude of Hugo Pratt, is a prelude to the pre-western **Indian Summer** created two years later by the author of **Corto Maltese (The Short Maltan)** and **Giuseppe Bergman**.

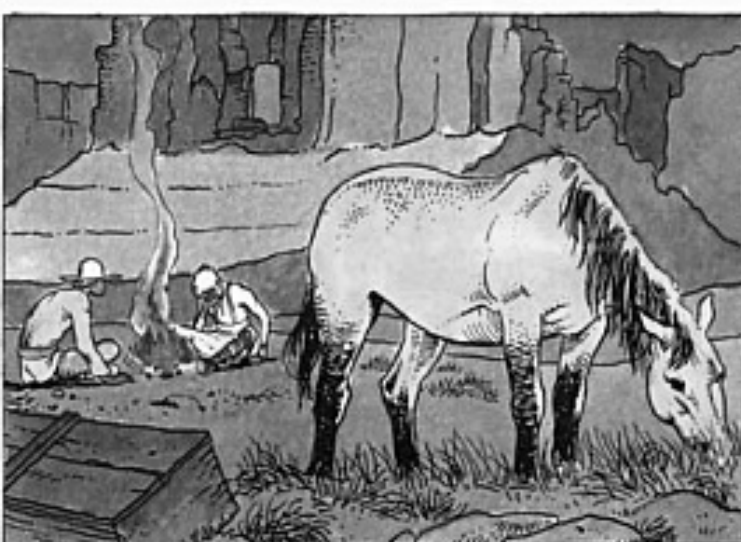
But the most important thing is that from the primary convention of paper, this thoughtful discourse has become flesh and bones, filled with great beauty.

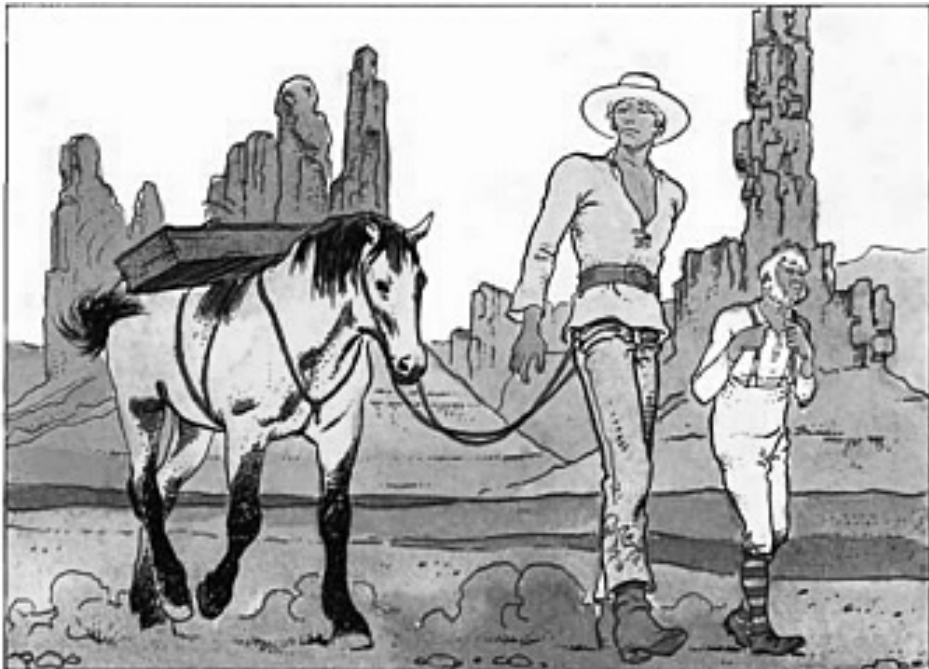
JAVIER COMA



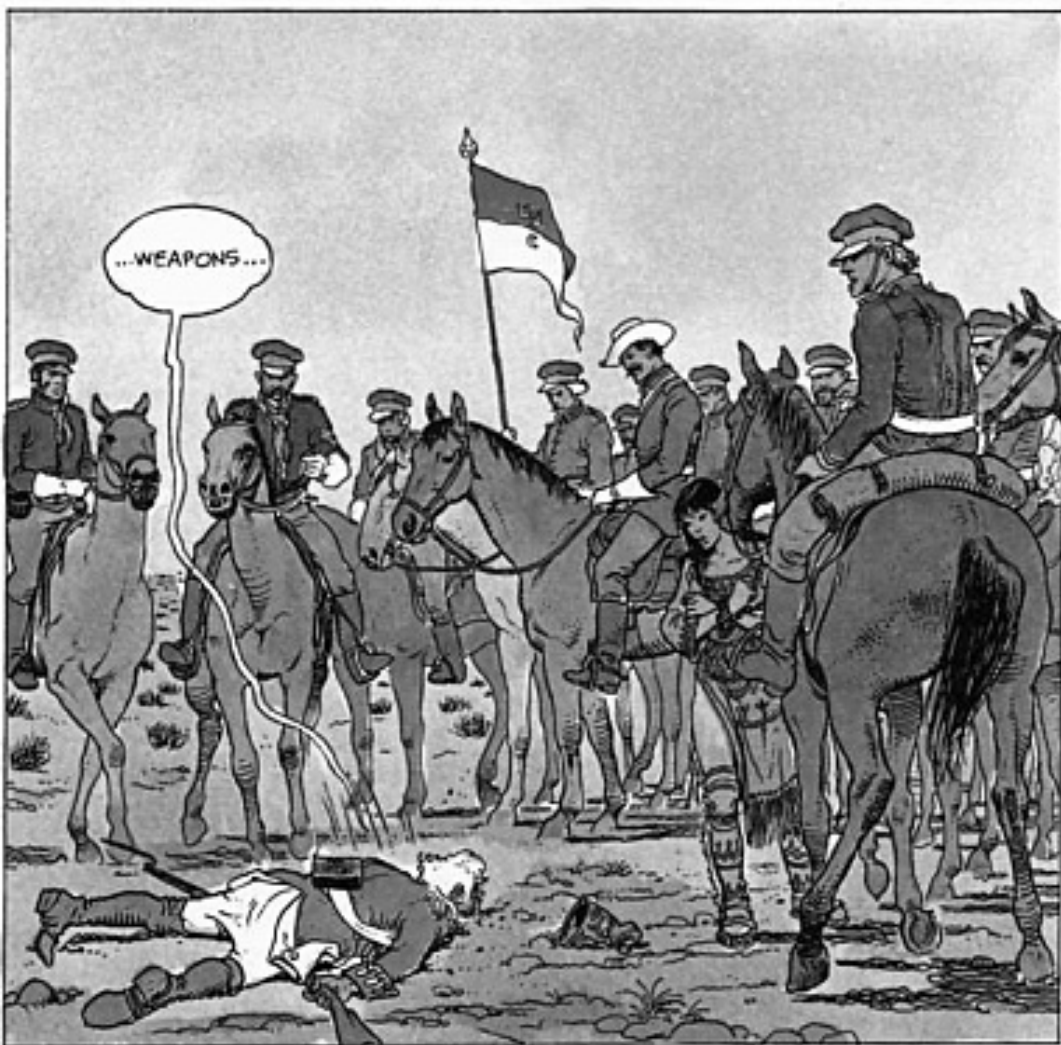








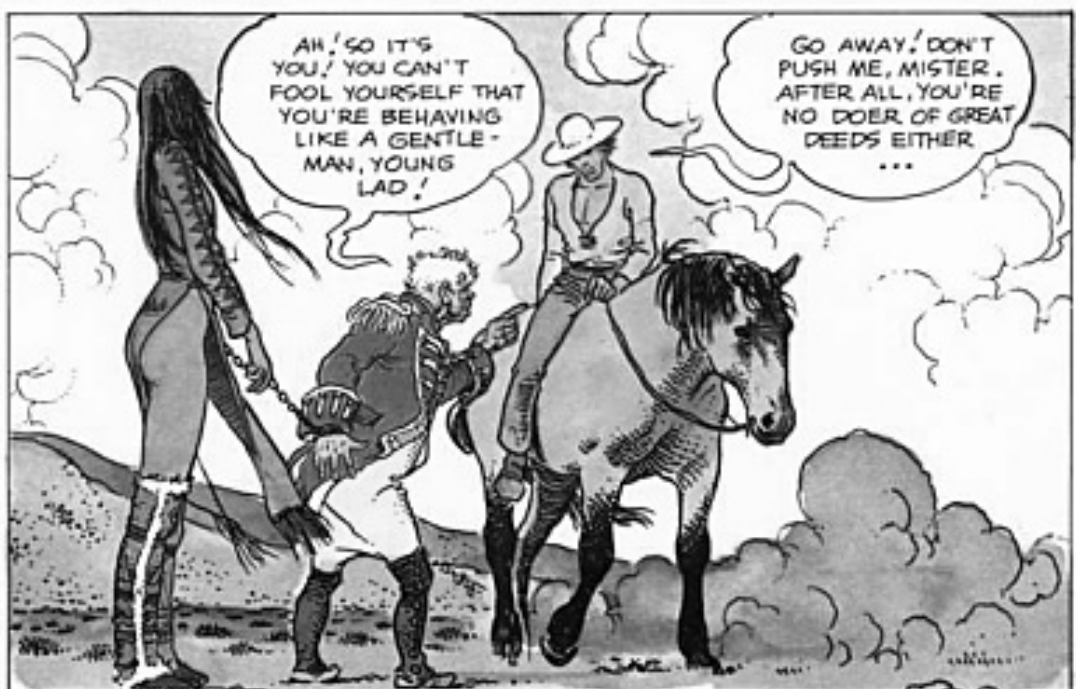


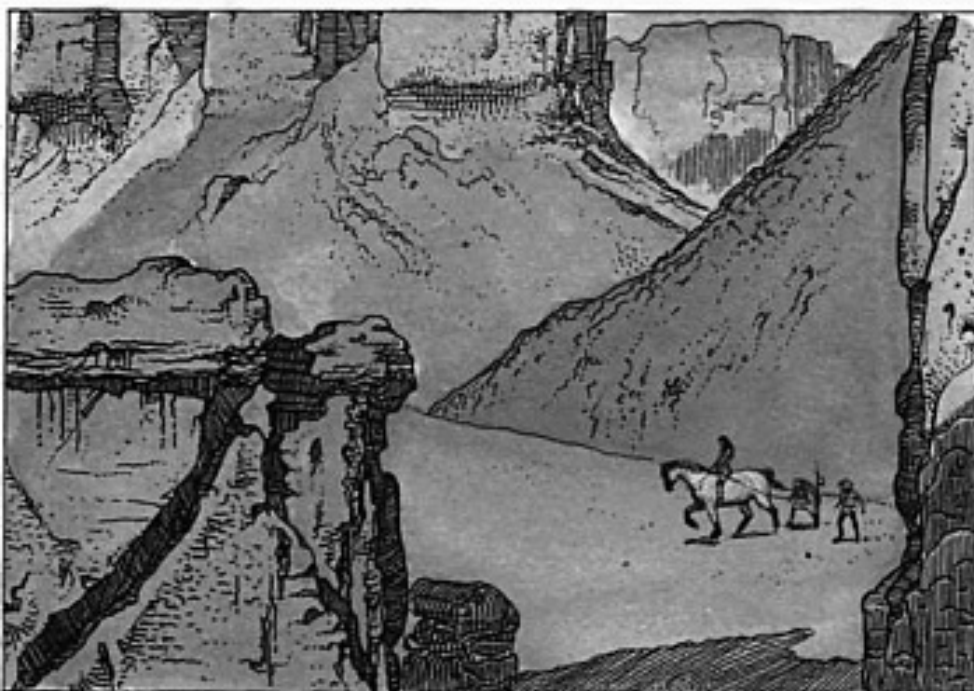
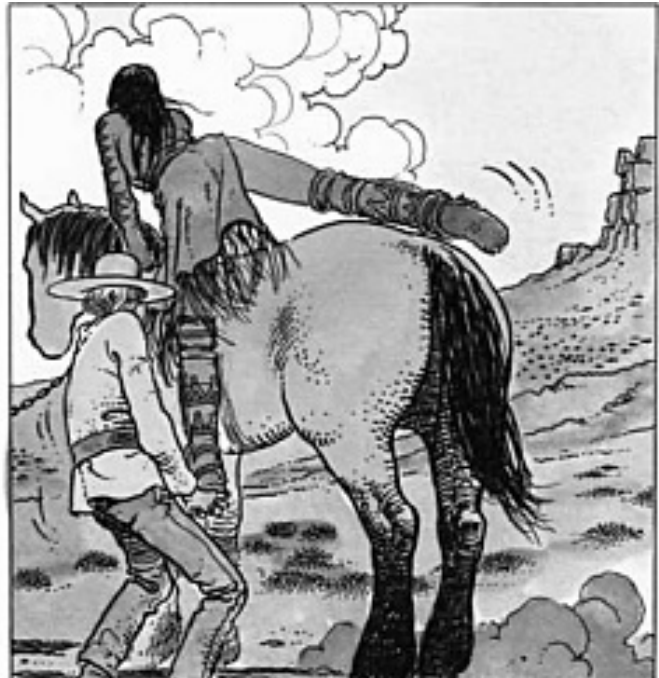




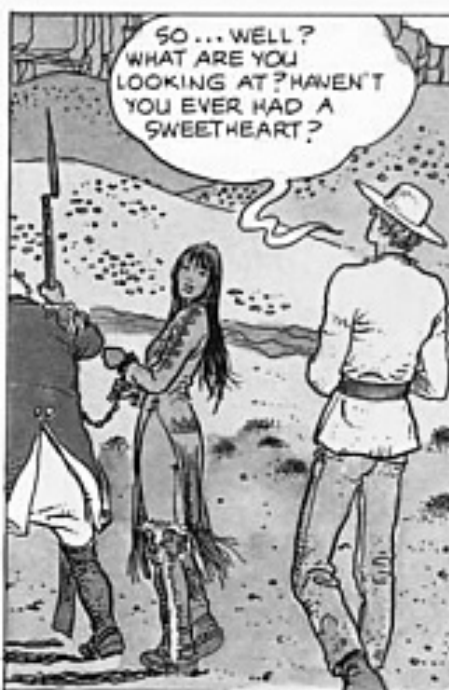
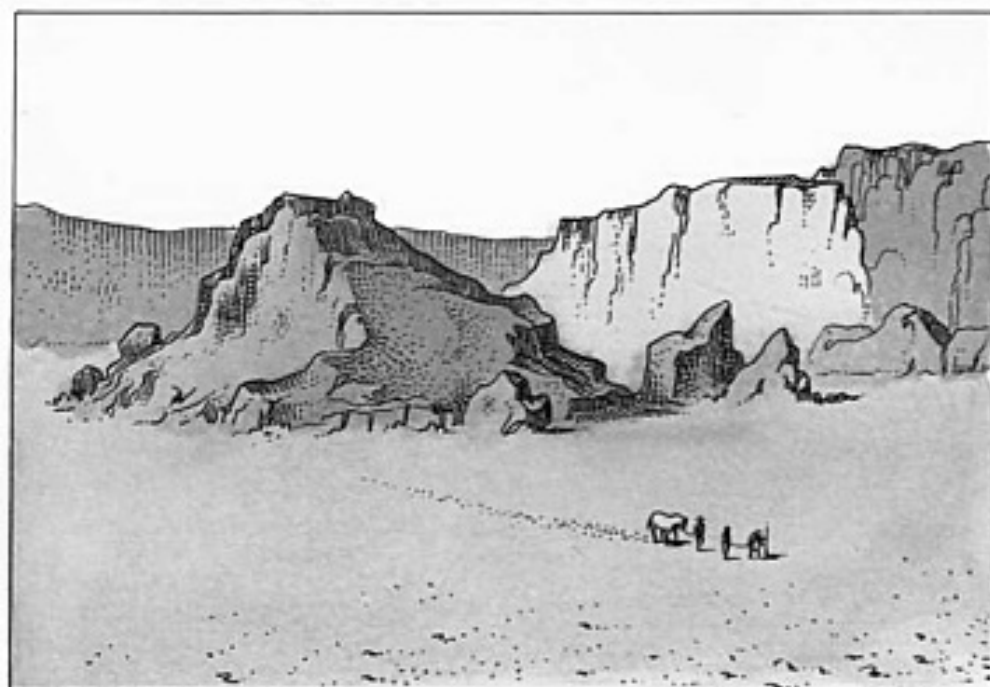


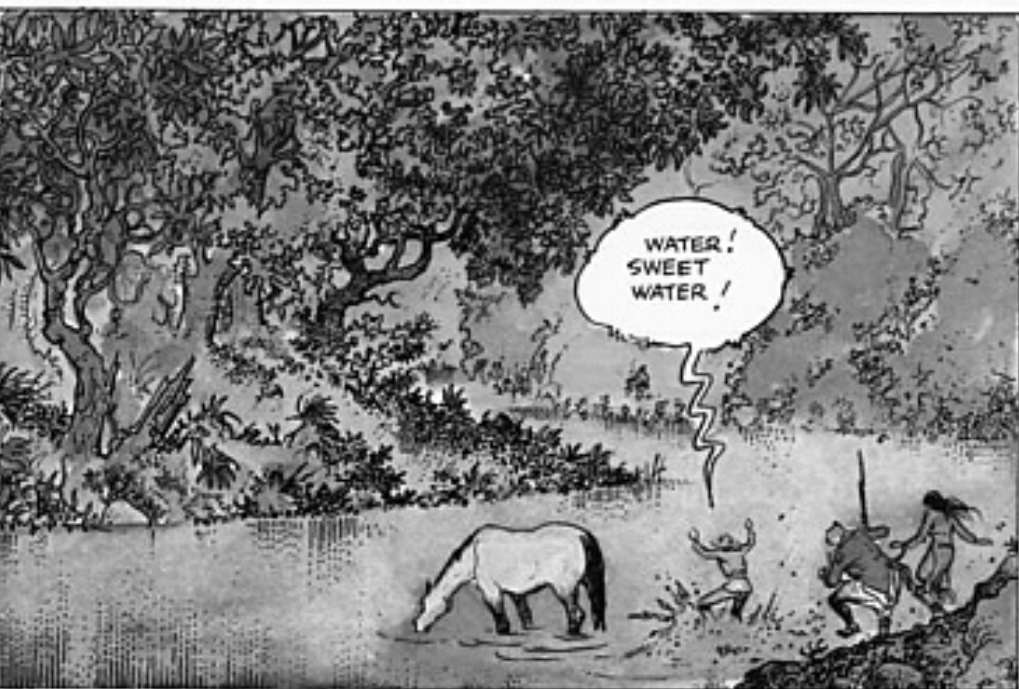










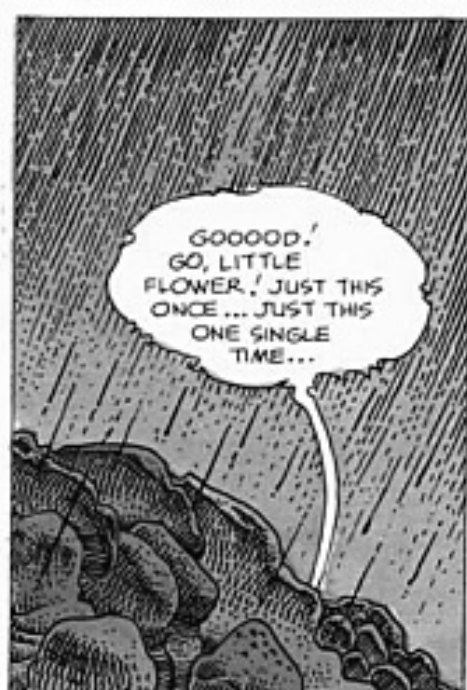














DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THE DEVIL
HAPPENED? WHO'S
BEHIND ALL THIS?



OH MY, SIR, THERE HAVE BEEN
A LOT OF UNFORTUNATE
CIRCUMSTANCES, I THINK, AT
LEAST IN PART, THE CAUSE OF
WHICH MAY BE A VERY GRAVE
AFFLICTION THAT HAS
BOTHERED ME SINCE INFANCY.

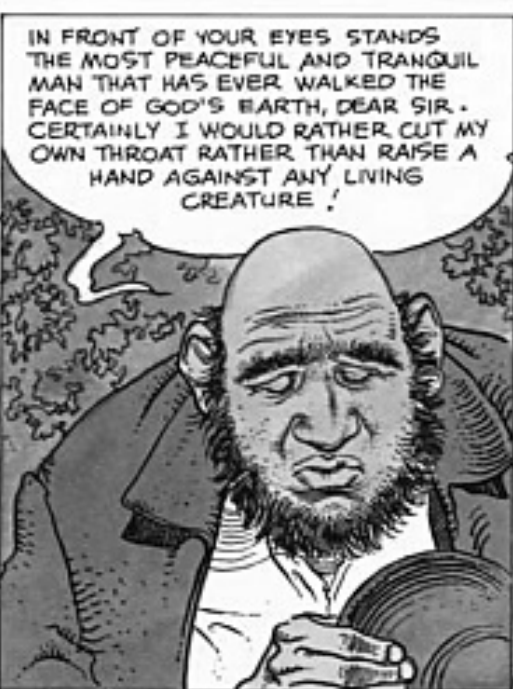


ARE YOU THE ONE
WHO LEFT THE POOR
OLD MAN LIKE THIS?
WHY DON'T YOU PICK
ON SOMEONE YOUR
OWN SIZE?

YOU ARE
RIGHT TO
GET ANGRY,
SIR, BUT
ALLOW ME TO
EXPLAIN...



IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES STANDS
THE MOST PEACEFUL AND TRANQUIL
MAN THAT HAS EVER WALKED THE
FACE OF GOD'S EARTH, DEAR SIR.
CERTAINLY I WOULD RATHER CUT MY
OWN THROAT RATHER THAN RAISE A
HAND AGAINST ANY LIVING
CREATURE!



BUT I DON'T KNOW
WHAT SIN GOD HAS
WANTED TO PUNISH ME
FOR BY MAKING ME ONE
OF THE MOST
MISERABLE OF
MEN,...



YOU
OUGHT TO KNOW,
DEAR SIR, THAT AS SOON
AS THE RAIN BEGINS, MY
INDOLENT PEACEFULNESS IS
TRANSFORMED! I, MYSELF,
THE MOST INNOCUOUS OF GOD'S
LAMBS, AFTER THE FIRST DROP
OF RAIN I BECOME A DEVILISH
BEAST! A BESTIAL FURY TAKES
OVER MY MEAK SOUL AND
MAKES ME LOSE THE LIGHT!
THEN ANYONE WHO CROSSES
MY PATH MUST REALLY
LOOK OUT!



NOW
YOU KNOW,
SIR... NOW
YOU KNOW!

AND WHAT
DID YOU DO LAST
NIGHT?



THE GOOD
SOLDIERS OF THE FORT,
WHO KNOW ABOUT MY CURSE,
WHEN THEY SEE THAT IT'S
ABOUT TO RAIN, THEY TIE ME
UP AND LOCK ME IN PRISON
UNTIL NOW EVERYTHING
HAS GONE WELL...



BUT
UNFORTUNATELY
YESTERDAY'S STORM
WAS TOO SUDDEN AND
THE SOLDIERS PUT ME IN
PRISON WITHOUT
ENOUGH TIME TO TIE
ME UP.



AND WHEN IT BEGAN TO RAIN...
WELL, SIR: I DON'T KNOW HOW
MANY FROM THAT FORT WERE
STILL ON THEIR FEET, NOR HOW
MANY OF THOSE SOLDIERS COULD
STILL WALK... I ONLY KNOW
THAT I JUMPED ON THE FIRST
HORSE THAT I SAW AND NOW
I'VE FOUND MYSELF HERE.
I BEG YOU TO FORGIVE
ME, GOD!



BECAUSE
BY SINNING I
DESERVE YOUR
TREMENDOUS
PUNISHMENT AND
ABOVE ALL...

AND YOU,
MISTER: HOW
ARE YOU
FEELING?

IT
TAKES A
LOT MORE
TO SUBDUCE
A SERGEANT
OF HER
MAJESTY.

A LITTLE NAP WILL
MAKE ME FEEL LIKE NEW
AND AFTERWARDS, EVEN
IF THE WORLD SPLITS IN
TWO, I WILL RETURN TO
THE FORT WITH THIS
FOUR DAMNED GIRL!



I DON'T GET THE
IMPRESSION THAT THE
GIRL IS VERY MUCH IN
AGREEMENT WITH THE
PLAN... WHAT DO YOU
THINK, ASS-IN-THE-
AIR?

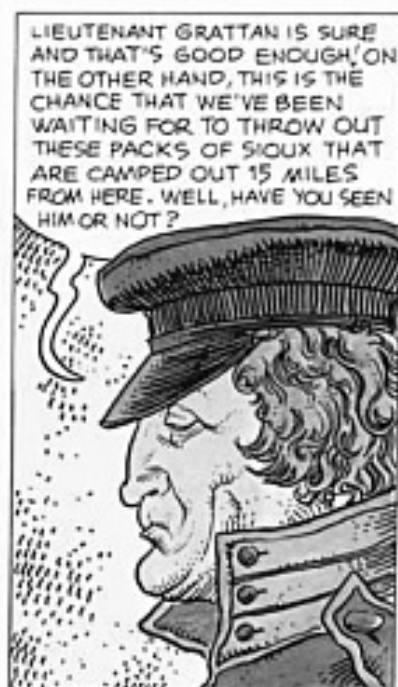
WHAT
WHITE RABBIT
THINKS
DOESN'T
INTEREST
PAPER MAN.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
IN FACT, IT DOESN'T
INTEREST ME, BUT
THE IDEA OF A LITTLE
NAP IS PRETTY
REASONABLE,
MISTER!

IF YOU WILL ALLOW
ME, GENTLEMEN, I
WILL FOLLOW YOUR
EXAMPLE
...

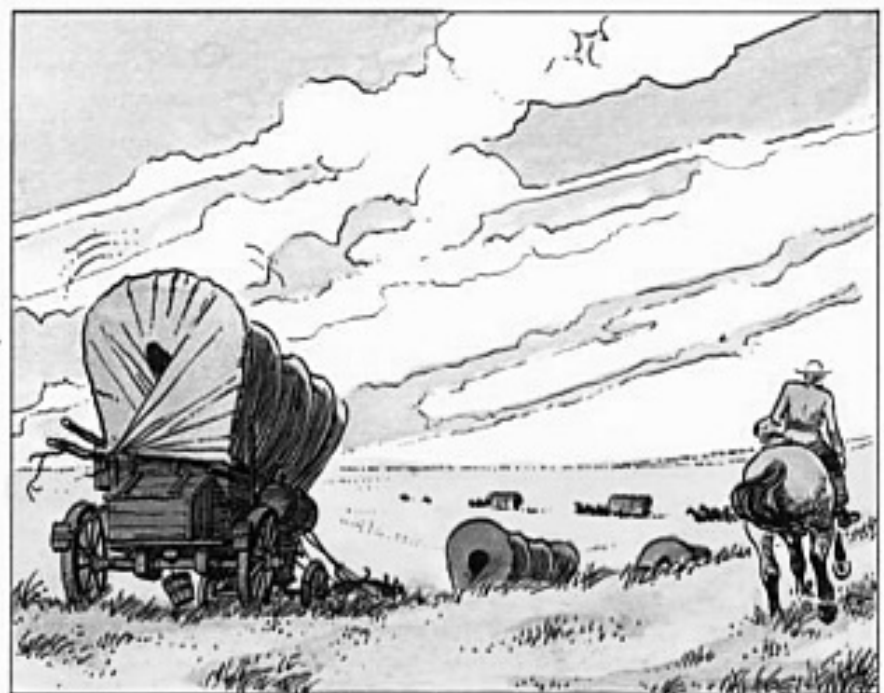
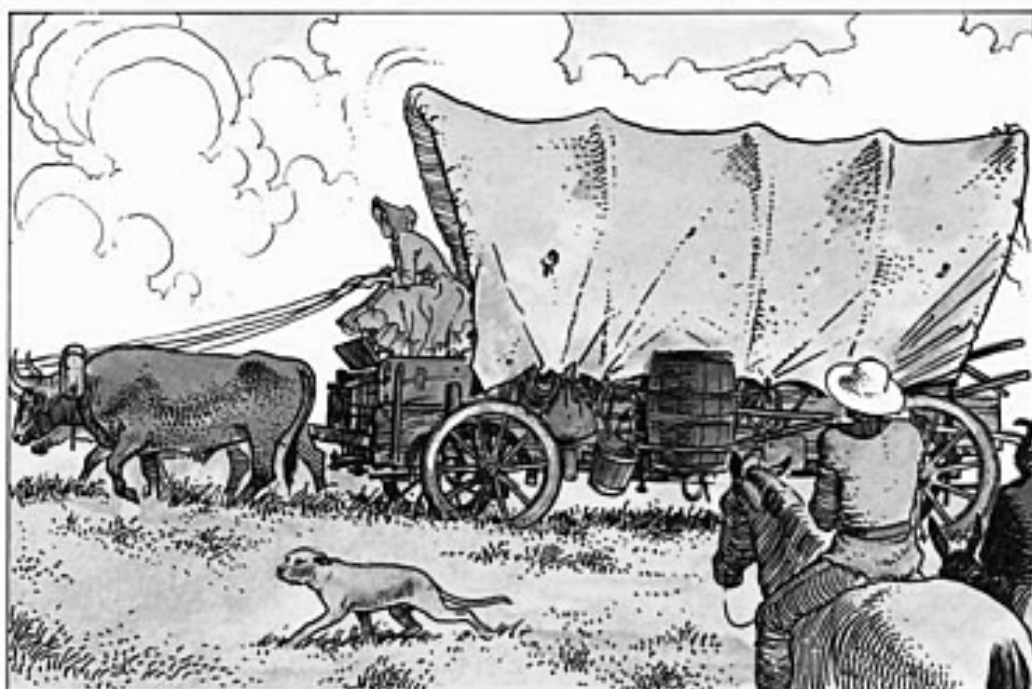
HEY! LOOK!











HEY, SWEETHEARTS!
LOOK'S LIKE IT'S
OUR FATE NEVER TO
BE SEPARATED!

WHITE RABBIT
GOES STRAIGHT
AHEAD ON HER PATH.
IT'S THE PAPER MAN
WHO GOES AWAY
AND RETURNS!

CAN YOU TELL
ME WHAT YOU'VE GOT
TO DO WITH THIS?
I WAS TALKING TO
THE GENTLEMAN!

MISTER!
ALLOW US TO GIVE
YOU A RIDE IN THE
WAGON OR ELSE YOU'LL
NEVER GET TO THE FORT
IN TIME! THE OGLALAS
ARE CATCHING UP
TO US!

IF YOU COME NEAR
THIS WAGON, I'LL BLOW
YOUR BRAINS OUT! I'M
FED UP WITH INDIANS
AND I DON'T WANT TO
TAKE THEM IN NEITHER.
TAKE YOUR PAINTED
MIDGETS SOMEWHERE
ELSE, OLD MAN!

WELL SAID,
JANE! WE DON'T
WANT ANY
INDIANS IN THIS
WAGON TRAIN!

IF YOU
LIKE THE
INDIANS,
WHY DON'T
YOU STOP
AND WAIT
FOR THEM?

SHOOT
THEM, JANE,
AND GET
IT OVER
WITH!

IT'S NEVER TOO
LATE TO BREAK YOU IN
TWO, YOU PACK OF
REBELS. JUST LIKE MY
FATHER KNEW HOW TO
TAKE CARE OF
NAPOLEON, I...

LET'S GET
AWAY FROM HERE.
MISTER, THEY'RE
NOT JOKING!

IF YOU
THINK THAT
QUEEN
VICTORIA...

THAT'S ENOUGH,
MISTER. GET UPON
THIS HORSE AND
I'LL MOUNT THE
CONTRARY INDIAN'S
HORSE.

WHY
DOESN'T THE
PAPER MAN
GO TO THE
FORT WITH
THE WAGON
TRAIN?

MIND
YOUR OWN
BUSINESS
AND
I'LL MIND
MINE!

HURRY
UP, PEOPLE,
FOR GOD'S
SAKE, THE
OSGALAS ARE
COMING!

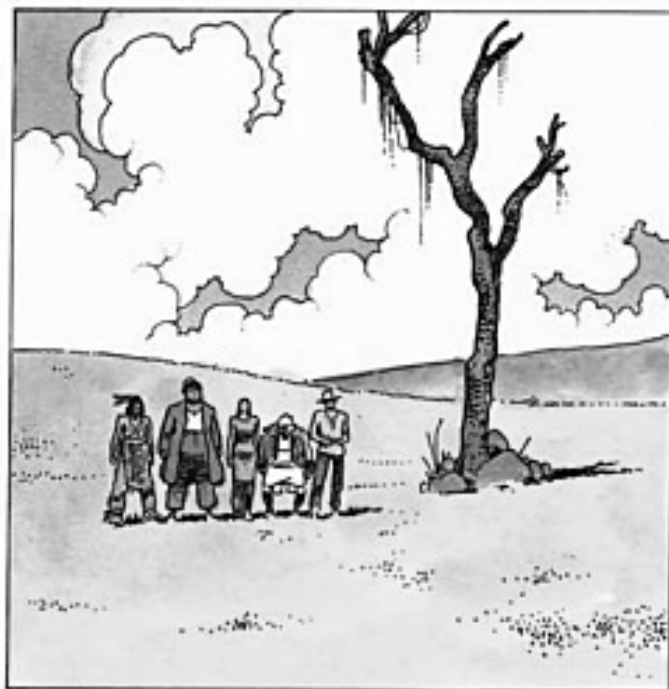


WE'LL NEVER GET
THERE IN TIME!
THESE ANIMALS
ARE JUST TOO
SLOW!

THEN LET'S
DISMOUNT AND
MEET THE ENEMY
HEAD-ON. FACE TO
FACE! A SERGEANT OF
HER MAJESTY WON'T
ALLOW HIMSELF TO
BE STABBED IN THE
BACK!



I'LL KEEP
YOU COMPANY AT
THIS SUPREME MOMENT,
BROTHERS, BUT DON'T
COUNT ON ME WHEN IT'S
TIME TO DO BATTLE. I
WON'T RAISE A HAND
AGAINST A BROTHER.



...WON'T
THOSE BLASTED
OSGALAS EVER
GET HERE! THIS
WAITING IS
KILLING
ME!

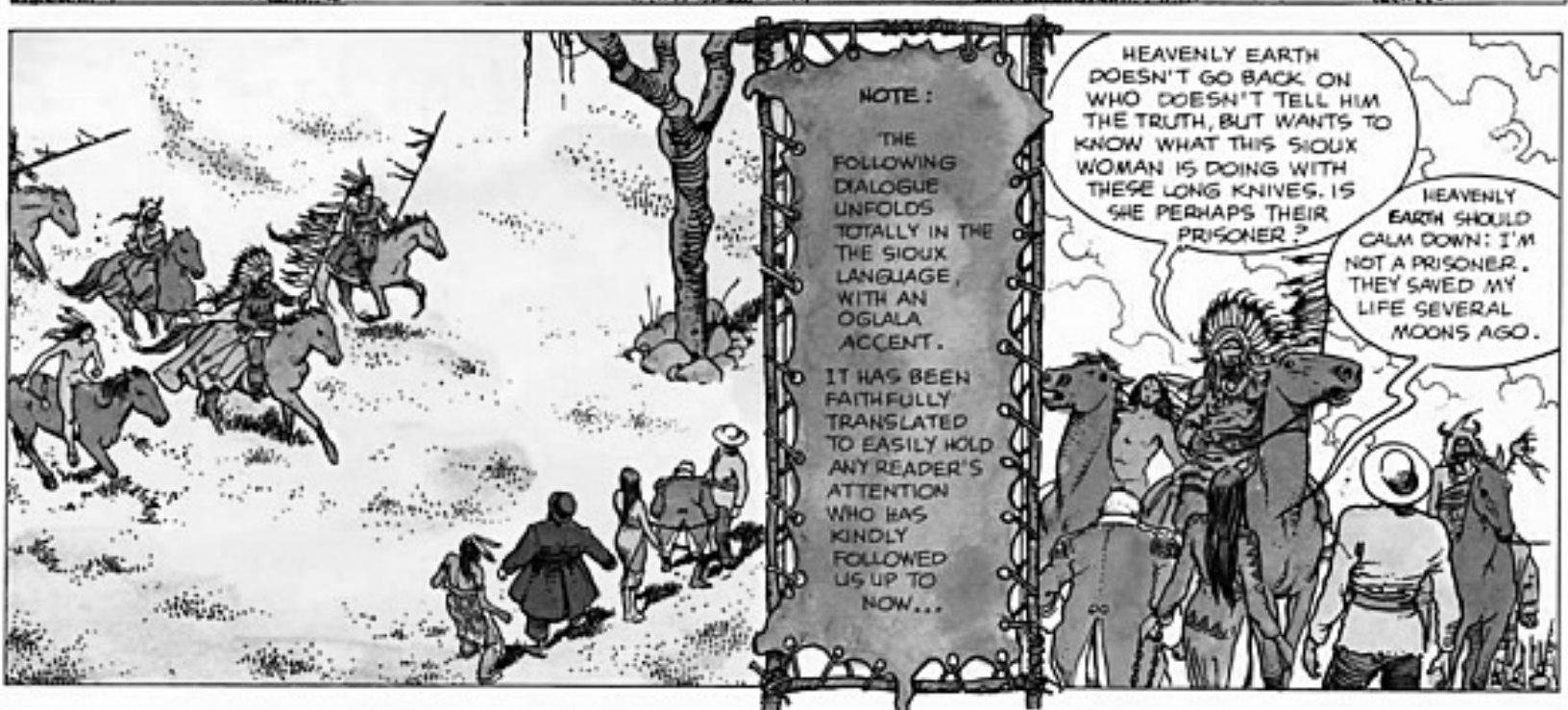


THEY MUST HAVE
FOUND OUT THAT THIS
TIME THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE
TO DEAL WITH SOMEONE WHO
KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT
WAR. IT'S CLEAR THAT THEY'VE
TURNED AROUND AND
HEADED BACK!



I DON'T
WANT TO DISILLUSION
YOU, MISTER; BUT
WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE A LOOK
BEHIND YOU?





WHITE RABBIT KEEPS HER SECRET. HEAVENLY EARTH WILL SPARE THE SCALPS OF THE LONG KNIVES. AS FAR AS THE OTHER ONE IS CONCERNED, THE ONE WITH THE FACE OF AN IDIOT. HEAVENLY EARTH SCALPED HIM MANY MOONS AGO!



DOES WHITE RABBIT THINK THAT THE LONG KNIVES RIDE BETTER THAN HAS-A-MACE?



HAS-A-MACE WILL HIT THE BLONDE LONG KNIFE ON THE HEAD!

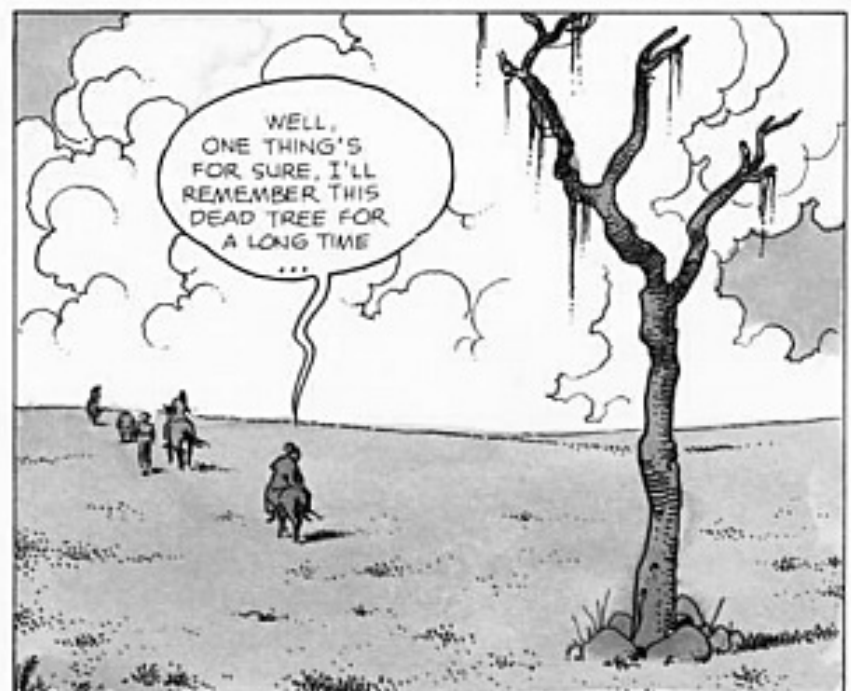


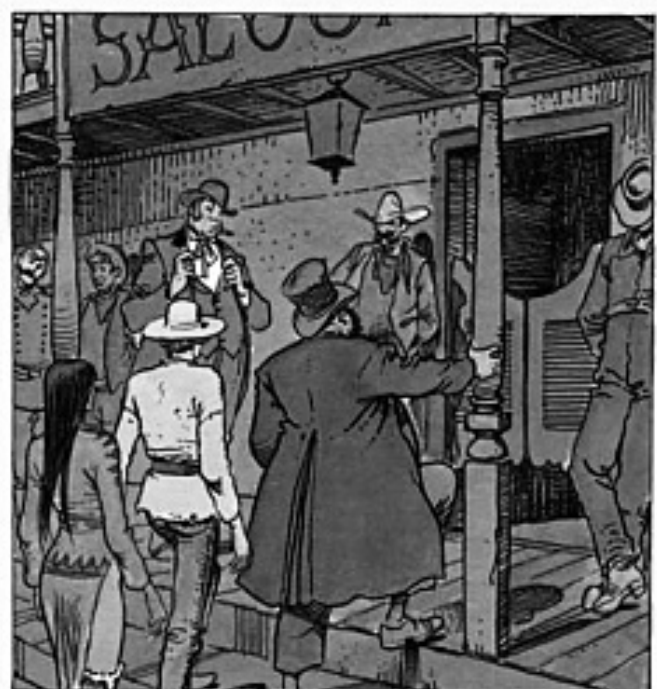
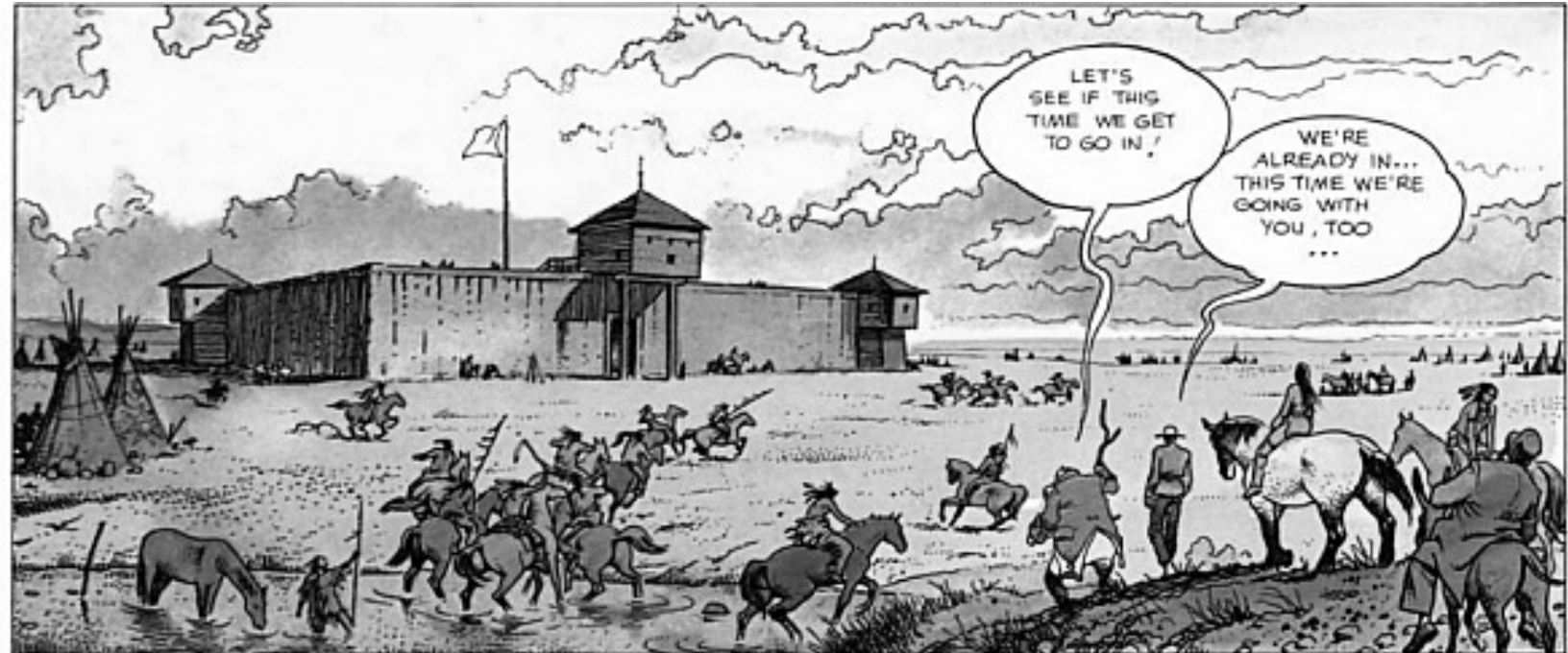
WHAT DOES THAT CHAIN MEAN? WHITE RABBIT HAS LIED! SHE IS A PRISONER!



HEAVENLY EARTH SHOULDN'T FOOL HIMSELF. THE LONG KNIFE IS TOO OLD TO KEEP ME BOUND WITH HIS LOVE! HE'S AFRAID I'LL RUN AWAY AND HE PRETENDS TO TIE ME WITH A SYMBOLIC CHAIN... IT'S ONLY THE GAME OF A POOR OLD MAN.









IN THIS DAY AND AGE IT'S A BIG RISK FOR A GUY LIKE YOU TO BE SEEN WITH A SIOUX GIRL...

OH, SO YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT HER!
HA! HA! HA!
IF SHE KNEW WHAT YOU CALLED HER SHE'D POKE YOUR EYES OUT!
HA! HA!

BUT WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THE SIOUX. ARE THEY REALLY AT WAR?

LISTEN, FRIEND BY THIS TIME, LIEUTENANT GRATTAN MUST HAVE FINISHED PLACING THE ARTILLERY AROUND THAT ANTHILL OF THEIRS. AND TOMORROW THEY'LL FACE THE MUSIC!

...AND IF I KNOW LIEUTENANT GRATTAN, YOU CAN BET NO SIOUX BASTARD WILL EVER SHOW HIS DIRTY SKIN AROUND HERE AGAIN!

BUT... BUT, IT'LL BE A MASSACRE... A MASSACRE...

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS DEN OF MURDERERS NOW! THEY'RE PREPARING A HORRIBLE MASSACRE!

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU SAYING, LAD?

WELL, NOW... WHAT'S WITH YOU, FRIEND? YOU DON'T WANT TO BE GOING LIKE THAT... WHAT ABOUT OUR DEAL?

I WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DEAL WITH YOU, YOU BAG OF SHIT!

DAMN, DIRTY, FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!

SO YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE BASTARD INDIAN-LOVERS TOO! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO TREAT ONE OF THESE SIOUX WHORES!









FORM A
FIRING SQUAD.
QUICKLY! YES,
YOU!



THE FIRING
SQUAD IS READY,
SERGEANT.



NOW
COMES THE HARD
PART...I'VE GOT
TO GET THROUGH THE
LINES OF THE
BLUE JACKETS
...



STOP!
HOLD IT!
HOLD IT!



STOP HER,
OR ELSE
SHE'LL
WARN THE
INDIANS!



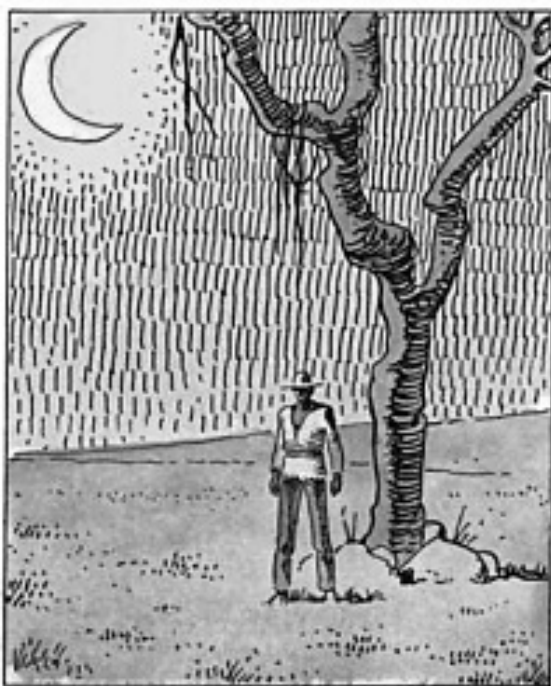
THE FIRING
SQUAD IS READY
AND WAITING
FOR ORDERS!
SERGEANT!

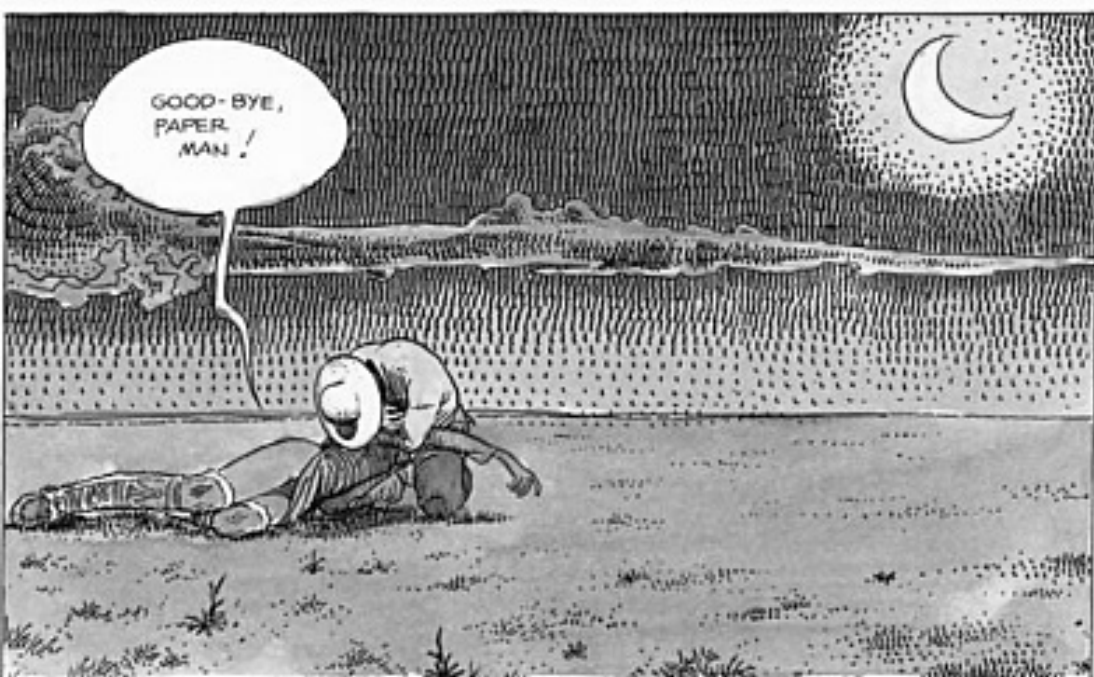
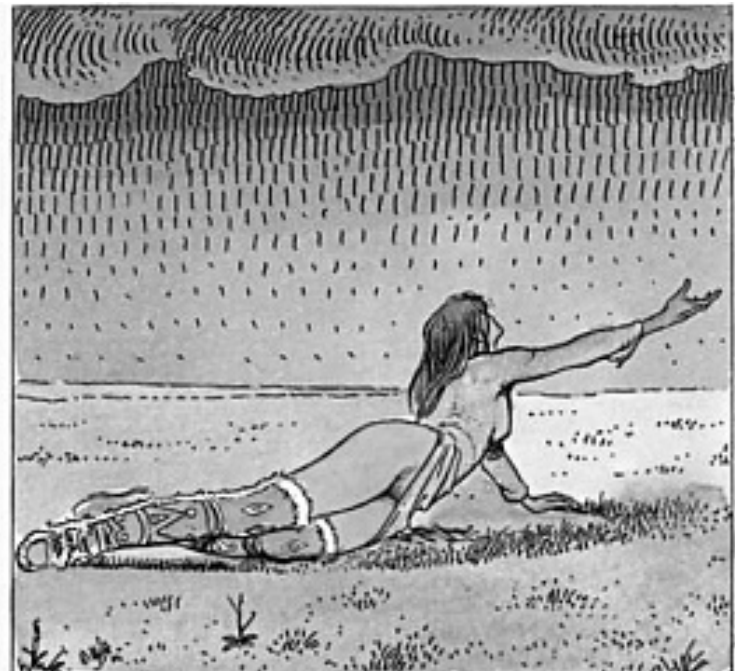












Milo Manara was born on September 12, 1945 in Bolzano, a small Italian town on the Austrian border. He is the fourth son of a family with six children. At twelve he illustrated pages of **The Illiad** and **The Odyssey** in school. He dreamed of becoming a painter, but the necessity of making a living led him to become a sculptor's assistant. And it was with the Spanish sculptor Berrocal that he discovered comics by way of **Barbarella** and **Jodelle**.

In 1968, while he was

studying architecture at the University of Venice, erotic comics became his means of survival.

As a militant for a Maoist organization, he also did illustrations for political posters. His work in a juvenile publication with a story called **The Jury Has Its Say** is a success.

At the same time, he did his first personal comic: **The Ape**. Later would come **The Paper Man**, the **Giuseppe Bergman** series, **Click!** and **Indian Summer**, all of them great successes.



\$9.95 USA

\$13.25 Canada

ISBN 0-87416-022-7